

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XVI.

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NO. 216.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays
—AT—
\$3 PER ANNUM, CASH.

understood if we credit that \$2.50 will be accepted and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

MT VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—Capt. Evans has now 110 acres of oats this spring.
—Sallie Stigall, a worthy colored girl, died Tuesday, of pneumonia.
—Twenty-five witnesses went down to the Carter trial from here Tuesday.

—Purman Lee, familiarly known as General, died Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock.
—14 pounds granulated sugar for \$1. 16 pounds best C sugar for \$1. E. L. Thompson.

—Largest assortment Best goods Lowest prices. Where? Logan Thompson's of course.

—One of our physicians, who was in Salt Lake City a few years since, is, we think, a half way believer.

—Those early gardeners will now have the trouble of replanting the space now occupied by ficeen seeds.

—In the hasty suit of Julia Owens against Sam Hix, in the county court Monday, a compromise was agreed upon and the case dismissed.

—The distilling firm of Jno. Riddle and E. M. Donny have formed a copartnership and have also bought the merchandise stock of A. Catron and hereafter the firm will be known as Denny, Riddle & Co.

—D Cook, of Reedsville, this county bought at Administrator's sale of the Roberts heirs, last Monday, the homestead for \$800. Louis R. W.lett bought at same time \$500 belonging to same heirs for \$180.

—Judge Jno. M. Finn is spoken of as a very suitable person for candidate on the democratic ticket for the Legislature, also the name of R. L. Myers is being mentioned as one who would make a good race if nominated.

—In your last issue the name of W. F. McClary was suggested as being a suitable candidate for the Legislature from your county. If he has as many warm friends in Lincoln as he has in this county he stands a very good show for the nomination.

—W. R. Barnett has been granted a pension. H. D. Williams, of Junction City, was here. Miss L. M. Myers, of Pleasant Valley, is attending Mrs. Nesbitt's school. Mr. John Welch is home from Louisville for a short visit to friends and relatives. W. H. Mowley, Esq., Assistant Route Agent of the Adams Express, was here Wednesday.
—About half past 8 o'clock Monday night one of the saddest tragedies that has ever occurred at this place was enacted by two boys, Willette Vowels and Willie Livesay, aged 10 and 14 respectively. It seems that they in company with some other boys were out playing last Sunday when a boyish dispute arose over some trivial matter connected with the play, when probably a blow or two was exchanged, but was soon settled and the boys went on with their play as usual. They met at the grocery store of Walk Newcomb, near the depot, when they made reference to the little dispute that took place the day before and after talking the matter over for a little while in which neither appeared to get mad, young Vowels stepped to the door and asked Livesay to come to him. Livesay followed and on reaching the door Vowels struck him with a knife, which afterwards proved to be a spring back knife with a blade about three inches in length. Livesay turned and attempted to pick up something to throw at Vowels saying, "I will get you," and fell to the floor and expired in less than a minute. Medical aid was summoned but the boy was dead some minutes before its arrival. Young Vowels ran home as soon as he did the stabbing, but knew not the extent of his deadly work. Willie Livesay was a son of Hetty Livesay, and was a bright boy. He was living with the family of D. N. Williams at this place. Willette Vowels is the next eldest son of J. E. Vowels, one of our most enterprising and respected citizens, who deeply deplores the unfortunate affair. The boy has always been a very quiet lad and many believe that he did not aim to cut his companion, but thought to scare him by pretending that he was trying to cut him, he being under the impression that the blade of the knife would slide back into the handle like it had done in many cases before in the hands of different boys about town, who had been in the habit of playing and fooling with it. It is believed that he meant to press the spring and allow the blade to slide, but failed to do so and the fatal cutting was the result. He was arrested and placed under guard and the trial set for Wednesday, and on that day postponed till Friday. Young Livesay was buried Tuesday evening.

—The dress coat has to earn its living in Alabama. A Mobile newspaper says that at a recent ball a gentleman wore the swallow tail coat in which he was married fifteen years ago, which seventeen other bridegrooms had worn and which had done duty at 41 weddings.

The Boss Lie.

A Harrodsburg correspondent furnishes the Courier Journal this account of a wonderful surgical operation: A man by the name of Haggins had been blown out of a well by the premature explosion of a blast, and was carried home with his brains oozing from an ugly wound above the right temple. Dr. Slavina was summoned and immediately had Dr. Tomlinson called in consultation. It was a serious case and required prompt and bold treatment, for Haggins' life was fast ebbing away. A small portion of the skull was removed and about a teaspoonful of brains, blood and bruised taken out. At this juncture the operation for the time ceased. The doctors were in a dilemma in regard to what to fill the cavity with. Happily it occurred to one to procure a dog, rob him of a portion of his brains and transplant them into Haggins' head. In such an emergency there was no time for discussion and the experiment was tried at once. A pointer dog was immediately procured, etherized, placed near the patient, a portion of the right side of the skull removed and a sufficient quantity of the dog's brains carefully and dextrously taken out as could be done with crude instruments at that time, nicely fitted into the vacant space in Haggins' head, the wound sewed up and the patient left comfortably easy.

As Slavina had suggested the remedy for the man, Tomlinson then proposed to replace the dog's brains with those of the man which were still lying on the table near. As it was a settled opinion that the dog would die anyhow, no objection was made and the idea was carried out.

Now comes the most wonderful part of the story, for both patients recovered; the man after a long siege of careful nursing and the dog without further attention or trouble. A curious result, however of the change of brains was noticeable in both Haggins and the dog. The canine would never afterward go near a well, but made a regular habit of going every morning before breakfast to a certain Main street barroom, slipping in the back way and winking at the bar keeper with his right eye. Haggins got along all right and lived a long time, but ever afterward, when he would see a country dog following a farm wagon on the street he would bristle up and give a savage and paralyzing growl or bark, and whenever he saw a quail he would stand perfectly rigid, holding up one foot until the bird flew away or was removed.

Women Braver Than Men

I was talking with a dentist the other day, and, much to my surprise, he informed me that women underwent dental operations much better than men. He said he vastly preferred women patients, because they were less trouble, submitted more easily to what was necessary to be done and bore the little hurts necessary to such operations with greater fortitude. "A woman has much more endurance," he said. "As soon as you begin to operate on a man's tooth he begins to fidget and shrink, and every time you touch a tender spot he wants to jump out of the chair. His conduct makes the operator nervous and tired. The average woman, however, will sit through a whole afternoon of drilling and filling and hammering at her teeth like a Major. You are able to do more satisfactory work for her, and feel less fatigued when you have finished. A female generally gives a somewhat harder screw than a man when she has a tooth pulled, but she approaches the forceps more bravely and is not so apt to have the toothache scared away by the sight of the dentist, as is so often the case with the patient of the male persuasion."

Extraordinary Matrimonial Swindle

Two women, described as English, one named Eveline Rapp, the other Lindsay, have been arrested in Paris on the charge of matrimonial swindling. It is alleged that Lindsay, who was married in France 20 years ago, was accustomed to advertise in some of the newspapers, offering in marriage a young widow possessing a million francs, or "a wealthy girl who has lost her reputation." To those who took the bait she produced Rapp, who is 25 years of age, and the latter is said to have visited England with several Frenchmen in succession, to have gone through the marriage ceremony, and to have disappeared next day, not only with the wedding presents, but with any jewelry within her reach. Rapp was arrested in a high class hotel just as she was about to start to England to meet a fresh dupe. She is said to be very handsome, and to have deluded persons occupying positions so high that they were ashamed to prefer a complaint. The letters and accounts seized have, however, furnished full information. Rapp has made a confession, throwing the entire responsibility on Lindsay.

—There were 12 inches of snow at Lexington, Wednesday night.

Drunkenness, or Liquor Habit, can be Cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effects result from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address: Dr. Haines' Golden Specific Co., 285 Nassau St., New York City.

CRAB ORCHARD, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Rev. J. Q. Montgomery will preach at the Christian church next Sunday morning and night.
—Mr. W. P. Tate has rented Mr. Smith's house, opposite the Baptist church and gone to housekeeping.

—The work has already begun for the purpose of enlarging the lake at the Springs and when completed it will be vastly larger than at present.

—We have examined Mrs. E. W. Jones' new stock of millinery goods and pronounce it the largest and best ever exhibited here.

—Mr. Perry White has been the proud possessor of a ten-pound boy since the 24th. Mr. Harvey Collier also rejoices over the advent of another boy since the 28th.

—Mrs. Will Kennedy is quite sick. Captain Moore is some better at this writing.

—Mrs. Lina Saunders, who has been sick for several months, was moved up to Mrs. Kennedy's sister. It is likely that the change will greatly benefit her.

—I have opened the finest, largest and cheapest stock of millinery goods and all fancy notions belonging to this line that has ever been brought to Crab Orchard. My prices are very low and I ask the public to call upon me before purchasing elsewhere. Mrs. E. W. Jones.

—Mr. H. H. Moore has nicely fitted up a boat of his own, placed it on the lake at the Springs and frequently invites our young ladies to take a row on the lake.

Last Saturday afternoon we joined a party, who were the first ladies to enjoy a row across its placid bosom in Mr. H. H.'s boat. There were two others in the party, a lady and a gentleman, who were so deeply entangled in "Love's Dilemma" that they preferred remaining quietly upon the bank.

—Miss Maggie Haines, from Louisville, is visiting Misses Mary and Lizzie Gormley. Mr. Dick Ward and wife, of Paint Lick, have been the guests of his father, Mrs. Kate Egbert in the country with Mrs. W. M. Higgins. Mr. J. M. Brooks, of California, has been visiting relatives here. Mrs. John Blavin, accompanied by her two grand-children, two pretty little rose-huds, Katie and Mattie Christman, came up from Danville and spent several days with Mrs. E. W. Jones. Mr. Frank Clifford's handsome countenance was visible on our streets this week. Miss Jennie Kennedy has returned from Mt. Vernon.

Bright Bits

Letters of credit, LOUAY.—[Danville Breeze.]

A wink in time strengthens the soda-water.—[Texas Siftings.]

A law that suits bad men is not a good one.—[N. O. Picayune.]

The policeman should watch that others may not prey.—[N. O. Picayune.]

One sees very few sealskin acquiescences standing up in the street cars.—[Harper's Bazar.]

The crematory is the burn from which no traveler returns.—[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

A metaphysical paradox—Killing yourself with hard work to get a living.—[Funny Folks.]

A prominent minister in Fremont is credited with being a good one to the two.—[Omaha Bee.]

Lotta is now worth over a \$1,000,000 Penn.: That's a Lotta money for so little a woman.—[Life.]

Many an employer would cheerfully accept a term as labor-leader at the regular salary.—[Oshkosh Times.]

The man who tries to please himself has an easier time than he who tries to please everybody.—[New Orleans Picayune.]

The man who would pick another man's pocket would write an anonymous communication to a newspaper.—[Lowell Citizen.]

It is said that during the recent earthquake in Nice the beds in the hotels there for the first time in many years, received a thorough shaking up.

It may seem queer to some, but after all it is but natural that at the close of day we should put on the clothes of night.—[Boston Journal of Education.]

Prohibitionist—Have you the strawberry mark of high license on your left arm? Liquor dealer—No! Prohibitionist—Then you are my long-lost brother.—[Bid-Fits.]

A Cincinnati scientist has discovered that Mauna Loa, the volcano in the Sandwich Islands, throws mud 4,200 miles. This beats the Chicago newspapers.—[Rochester Express.]

Editorial Thousands-Mile Tickets.

If a fellow has a thousand-mile ticket on three or four roads he can be away from home half the time, and that is enough for any editor. It is pleasant to know that this vexed matter is settled. Some of us have been sweating blood for months and many have practiced walking on the right of way getting accustomed to the ties. There would have been trouble if editors had been obliged to walk. An organization had already been formed to have a bill passed compelling railroads to place their ties the same distance apart, and to put a rubber air-pad on each tie. This would have cost the railroads a great deal of money, but the editors would have been relieved and insisted on the improvement. In the interest of white winged peace the Sun is glad the vexed question is settled, as a fight between capital and labor with a "L" is always a terrible thing.—[Peck's Sun]

Certain Philadelphians carry heavy life insurance policies. John Wanamaker has \$600,000 on his life, J. B. Steison \$315,000 and Hamilton Dison \$500,000.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.
—Col L. F. Hubble has returned from Birmingham, but will go back to that flourishing city in about two weeks.

—A somewhat remarkable curiosity in the shape of an eyeless, tailless calf was given birth to a few days since by a cow belonging to Mr. John Baughman. The singular freak of nature is as frisky as any of the other animals and bids fair to thrive notwithstanding its double affliction.

—At Paint Lick Saturday George Roberts, charged with malicious shooting, waived an examining trial and was placed under a bond of \$500 until Circuit Court Roberts, it will be remembered, is the man who, in company with the Best boys and John Hensley, shot into the school-house at Paint Lick recently. He is just recovering from the wounds he received on that occasion.

—Sam Sutton and Clayton Ray, two colored men, whose reputations are not above reproach, were arrested Monday charged with being the parties who furnished the prisoners in the county jail with files and saws with which they came near making an escape a few days ago. They were released on bail and will be tried Friday. Jailor Rothwell is positive that they are the guilty ones and will prosecute them to the extent of the law.

—Orange Walker, a well-known colored man, was exercising a vicious horse, the property of Mr. Solon Henry, Monday afternoon, when the animal reared up and fell on him. Walker's leg was caught under the horse and crushed in a horrible manner, some of the bones protruding through the leg of his pantaloons. The injured member was amputated Tuesday by Dr. Kinnaird and O'Neal, who report Walker's condition very favorable.

—Mr. James Duncan went to Louisville Wednesday on a brief visit. Miss Bettie Bolton, of Richmond, has taken a position in the dry goods establishment of J. G. & C. W. Sweeney. Mrs. Sam M. Anderson, of Gallatin, Tennessee, is visiting relatives in this county. Miss Nellie Crumless, of Kingston, Tennessee, is a guest of Miss Eliza Smith. Miss Sara F. Anderson, a popular young lady of this county, has gone to Versailles, where she will accept a position in a millinery store. Mr. Robert E. Hughes has recovered from a slight illness. Miss Carrie Farley, of Richmond, is visiting Mrs. T. M. Johnston, Jr. Miss Farley will teach a class in painting while here.

Standford's Opening Gun.

"Say what you please," remarked the prohibition candidate for governor to the Louisville Times, "Dr. Standford made a great speech at Elizabethtown yesterday. He was in great form physically and mentally, and though he did not talk over half an hour, there was business in every word he uttered and he set all who heard him to thinking. As he stood up before that great audience, the best dressed man I ever saw, straight as an oak, massive in body and brain, discussing practical statesmanship in a manner masterly in its strength and simplicity, he impressed me as a man whose height and depth, length and breadth I had never before fully realized. If he continues to completion his canvass of the State as he inaugurated it yesterday, he cannot but make a powerful impression on the awakening people of the Commonwealth."

This description of a hanging is from a New Zealand paper and shows that they do such things better than we. The condemned men walked up the ladder to the platform with a firm tread, but without the slightest bravado. They were calm and apparently quite happy, and just before the white caps were drawn over their faces they leaned forward and kissed each other. Mr. Hill engaged in prayer on the scaffold, and as he concluded suddenly the drop fell and the startling simultaneous thud of both ropes, which had a drop of eight feet, electrified those present, and all was over. There was not the slightest vibration of either rope, and, with a feeling of satisfaction all present saw that death in each instance had been instantaneous.

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This old and well-known Hotel is still maintaining its fine reputation. Charges reasonable. Special attention to the traveling public.
H. P. NEWCOMB, Prop'r,
Mt. Vernon, Ky.

AD'MIX' SALE!

—OF—

VALUABLE PROPERTY!
As Administratrix of R. R. Gentry, I will sell on his late premises, on

ON SATURDAY, APRIL 2ND, 1887,
A tract of land

CONTAINING 107 ACRES
Adjoining the homestead, to a good state of cultivation, most of it down in grass, well watered and fenced.

I will sell also at the same time
2 Work Mules, 2 Horses, 1 extra Saddle Horse 7 years old, 1 Denmark Saddle Stallion 2 years old, Weanling Saddle Colt by On Time, 1 Brood Mare by Hubble's Denmark, to foal to Judge Kuger, 1 good Brood Mare, 8 cows with calf, two of them registered Shorthorns, 10 good grade long yearling Cattle, 2 yearling calves, 1 thoroughbred Bull (Registered), 4 grade beef calves, 1 thoroughbred bull calf, 80 good Ewes with lambs, 20 Shotes, 7 hogs and pigs, Farming implements, consisting of Wood Reaper, Buckeye Mower, Hay Rake, Wheel Drill, Plow, Harrow, One good Spring Wagon, 2 two-horse Wagons, 1 good buggy and Harness almost new. Household effects, &c.
Also at same time the following horses belonging to J. C. Gentry will be sold: 1 good combined Mare 8 years old, 1 5 year-old Saddle Mare, 1 weanling Colt, 1 Texas Mare, most of them in foal to good horses.
TERMS: All sums of \$10 and under cash, over that amount a credit of four months with approved security. Terms as to land made known on day of sale.
W. H. HAYES, Gentry's Adm'r.

MACK BRUCE'S

Buggy & Implement House.

—I have now—
A Full Line of Wheat Drills and other Agricultural Implements, &c.

—Besides—
Full Line of Buggies and Wagons

Always on hand. In connection with my Implement business, I will also carry a

Complete Stock of Lumber,
Both rough and dressed. Prices on everything as

Low as any one.
I solicit a share of your patronage. Respectfully,
112-117
I. M. BRUCE.

FOR SALE!

Valuable Real Estate and Store Rooms.

As Executor of Lewis V. Phillips, dec'd, I offer for sale, on easy terms, the following real estate in and near the growing town of Lancaster, Garrard county, Kentucky:
One Brick Store-room, on Public Square of said town, now used as a dry-goods room.
One frame Store-room on the Public Square, now used as a family grocery room.
Two Store-rooms on Richmond Street, near Public Square, one now used as a Millinery Store, the other as an undertaking establishment. With this block will be sold a lot of ground adjoining.
One farm with house and other necessary improvements, on the Lexington Turnpike, 3 miles from Lancaster, of 137 acres.
One farm of 440 acres, 3 1/2 miles from Lancaster, near the Lexington Pike, improved, with house and necessary outbuildings.
One farm, unimproved, 3 miles from Lancaster, Ky., on the Lexington Turnpike of 35 acres.
And also a tract of 35 acres on Gilbert's Creek, about 4 miles from Lancaster.

An executor, I desire to sell all this property, I am empowered by the will making same to it. A fine chance is now offered to those desiring homes or investments.
For full particulars address my Attorney, H. T. Noel, Lancaster, Ky., or the undersigned at Stanford, Ky.
J. H. PHILLIPS,
Executor.

H. C. RUPLEY,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

—I have received and still receiving—

New Goods for Spring and Summer

Comprising the best in the market, which will be
Gotten Up in Style and Make Second to None in City or Country

Give Me a Trial.

H. C. RUPLEY.

Wall Paper,

Furniture,

Cases, Caskets, Robes.

Full and Complete Stock of the above and prices as low as the lowest.

B. K. WEAREN, Stanford.



Every sack guaranteed to give satisfaction.

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OF LANCASTER, KY.

CAPITAL - - - \$135,000.00

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For Sale at a Bargain.

I offer for sale privately in Stanford, Ky., a very desirable residence with seven rooms and porch. Well of water at the door; stable, smoke house, &c. About an acre of ground in the lot. For terms, &c., apply to
B. G. ALFORD,
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We are opening to me out carefully selected, the finest and best stock of

PIANOS AND ORGANS

Ever brought to this city. Every instrument is the pride of an artist, and prices range from 10 to 25 percent, lower than other dealers ask for the same goods. Persons of musical and art culture are invited to an inspection of the beautiful, cultivated, refined tone and artist designs of these celebrated instruments.

The World-renowned Knabe, the Famous Decker & Son, the Popular Everett and the Reliable New England Pianos.

The Celebrated Clough and Warren and the John Church & Co. Organs.

Please communicate with us for catalogues, terms and prices.

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References—A. R. PERRY, Mrs. E. M. Carpenter, J. M. Phillips, J. M. Moore and James Beazley, Stanford; Mrs. Maggie Holmes, Crab Orchard; Geo. W. J. Landrum and Miss Lizzie Huffman, Lancaster, Ky.

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THE *Courier Journal* advises farmers to cultivate as little tobacco as possible this year and devote their energies to food crops. There has been such an over production of tobacco that it is now selling at much less than the actual cost of raising it, while there are 228,000,000 bushels of corn in the general supply less than a year ago, a difference of about 25 per cent; hogs are \$1.50 to \$1.75 higher than a year ago, an advance of 30 per cent; the supply of hogs in the United States is two or three million head smaller than a year ago; hog products are selling 50 to 75 per cent higher than a year ago. As to cattle, the last summer and winter created an unprecedented havoc in the ranges of the Western States and Territories and accredited estimates put the losses from Texas to Montana, including both, at 30 to 40 per cent; the millions of cattle thus lost in the region where beef is grown more cheaply than anywhere else in the United States are necessarily a factor of the first importance in the general market supply and in determining prices to a higher range. As to sheep, the price of wool is 25 per cent higher than it has been at the beginning of the shearing season for several years and 25 cents a pound has already been paid for fleeces on the sheep's back. The argument for food crops it will be seen is very strong, and the farmers will make money by heeding it and raising as much stock as possible.

Those newspapers that are trying to make capital out of the silly charge that Senator Harris worked convicts on his farm are succeeding only in convincing the people of the poverty of material to be used in argument against his nomination. Mr. Harris admits exactly the true state of the very small case and Lessee Charles E. Hoge corroborates him in a card published on his own notion. We are no especial champion of Senator Harris, but we admire him as a man and a neighbor and firmly believe he would make a most excellent governor. At the same time we have never had aught but complimentary utterances for General Buckner, who fought in the cause we were taught to love so well and for whose brave soldiers we confess to a fellow feeling that makes us wondrous kind. We shall be fully prepared to support him or any other good man that the party nominates, which is more than can be said of the Buckner organs which make relentless war on his opponent. We know a number of papers that will have to eat raw and indigestible crow for several months should Harris be the nominee and it is not at all improbable that he will not be.

MRS. LOGAN, the brave and true woman who deserves almost as much credit for the remarkable success and noble achievements of her husband, Senator Logan, as he did himself, says that she will not permit a further effort to be made to secure her a pension. Her income is fully sufficient for her wants and maintenance and she wants no government aid. Such sentiments will increase the very high regard in which she is held by every admirer of the noble and true in woman.

THE cock and bull story comes by way of a Cincinnati republican paper that certain politicians have formed a combination to nominate Harris for governor. Congressmen McCrery is to take Blackburn's place in the Senate, Charles J. Bronston is to succeed Col. Breckinridge in Congress, and J. A. Jewell be made recorder of the city of Lexington. Back is to be re-elected Senator. The story bears the odor of its own improbability.

WHILE we were fooling around getting the instructions of Wolfe for our candidate, the esteemed B. H. O'Bradley, Cash Clay walked off with the big county of Bourbon. By the way, the old fellow says he is going to be nominated and don't you forget it. But we have several N's which say he will not.

HON. D. W. WRIGHT beat William Meredith, present incumbent, 890 for the democratic nomination for State Senator from Warren. Meredith is a fossil, covered all over with moss, and the people of his section very wisely concluded to keep him where he could do the least harm.

WOMEN with blithe attachments to their upper lips will be interested in knowing that a New York man has invented an electrical machine that tips the down out by the roots leaving no sign of it and no chance of it ever to grow again.

THE Congress of Churches and Christians inaugurated to crush out secret societies is in session in Chicago.

A. L. Lowe, member of the Mississippi legislature, shot and killed Charles Yaman at Beulah, Miss. The trouble was about Lowe's wife.

THE members of the Inter-State Commerce Commission held their first meeting in Washington yesterday. The law goes into effect on the 1st.

A special from St. John's, N. F., says: "The steamer *Eagle*, from the sealing grounds, is reported to be lost, with 200 men. No particulars have been received." Agnes Herndon, the actress, was taken sick at the Union Square Theatre, New York, and it is claimed that she was poisoned with fruit sent her by a lover whom she repulsed.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Hon C. J. Bronston is besieged to become a candidate for Attorney General.

—It is estimated that there has been a decrease of \$12,000,000 in the public debt in March.

—The czar of Russia has been notified by the Nihilists that 50 men have been appointed to take his life.

—The three days' sale of the oil paintings of the Stewart estate, 217 in number, brought in a total of \$513,750.

—The Old Fellows have fully determined to build an orphan's home at Louisville at a cost of \$10,000.

—Gen. Roswell Ripley, of Ohio, a Confederate veteran and also a soldier of the Mexican war, dropped dead in New York.

—The Mississippi Valley Medical Association will convene at Crab Orchard Springs, July 13, remaining in session for three days.

—There has been placed to the credit of the pension agent for Kentucky \$20,000 for the payment of pensions to the Mexican war veterans.

—Broadway, New York, properly touched its highest price last week when a lot 25x100, between Liberty and Cedar, brought \$458,200.

—A \$500,000 cotton seed oil mill is to be erected at Montgomery, Ala. The same syndicate will build seven others in various parts of the South.

—The yacht *Duaneless* came in one day, six hours and forty minutes behind the *Coronet* in the race across the Atlantic. The contest was for \$10,000.

—The prohibitionists have nominated Danl. J. Curry for the legislature in Mercer. Phil Thompson will likely be re-nominated on the democratic ticket.

—The State of Texas is building a \$5,000,000 State House of native granite and marble and the legislature has just voted \$100,000 to furnish the structure.

—The cotton mills of the West Point Manufacturing Company, of West Point, Georgia, were burned Monday evening. Loss \$200,000; insurance \$150,000.

—Jane Hayden, colored, who was placed in jail at Somerset, Ky., until she could be sent to the insane asylum, smothered herself to death with a blanket.

—Suit has been instigated against W. J. Stokes, former pension agent for Tennessee for alleged shortage in his accounts of \$371,304. He was one of the rascals that has been turned out.

—The rare case of a man dying from natural causes while awaiting the execution of his death sentence, occurred at St. Louis Tuesday. A wife murderer cheated the gallows that way.

—A woman was buried at Mitchell, Indiana, about whom the doctors could not agree as to whether she was dead or alive. She had been motionless and cold for four days, but was not stiff or colorless.

—Wm. Hogarty, of Boston, was arrested for keeping his barber shop open in violation of the Sunday laws, and on his trial it was decided that "shaving on Sunday is not a work of necessity, or charity."

—The beauties of railroad travel on the Intercolonial road in Canada are illustrated by a train which had been 100 hours covering two miles through the snow drifts which hide the telegraph poles and wires.

—A tow-boat on the Ohio the other day carried 30 coal boats, six barges and three other craft, occupying a length of 1,015 feet and a width of 262. On these boats were 826,011 bushels, equal to 31,388 tons.

—It seems that the Inter-State Commission is without a republican representative after all. Messrs. Cooley and Walker are charged with being full-blooded Mugwumps, and voted for Cleveland at the last election.

—Joseph Sommers died at a Brooklyn hospital, having survived for six months a fall which dislocated his neck. He was completely paralyzed, but showed signs of improvement after efforts of the surgeons to set his neck straight.

—An association has been formed in Virginia to erect at Chancellorsville, on the spot where Stonewall Jackson fell, a monument to the great general's memory. The contribution of a dollar makes any one a member of the association.

—Gov. Knott has telegraphed to the manager of the National Drill at Washington, entering one regiment, one battalion, two infantry companies, one platoon of light artillery, one platoon of mounted guns and a rifle team of Kentucky troops.

—James Kelly, who is now at the poor house in Marion county, in the 97th year of his age, says that he saw the funeral procession of George Washington in 1799. He was born in Maryland and brought up in Washington City. —[Lebanon Standard.

—There are on the United States pension roll the names of 265,000 persons to whom the people pay annually \$75,000,000. There are on file 287,000 unadjudicated applications, which, if allowed, will double the appropriation, and other claims are filed at the rate of 5,000 a week.

—Governor Marmaduke has signed the bill recently passed by the Missouri Legislature, which brings St. Louis under the action of a strict Sunday law, closing saloons and beer gardens, stops the running of street railroads, the publication of newspapers, all manual labor and all kinds of traffic.

—A special term of court is to be held at Ozark, Missouri, on the 19th of April for the trial of the 16 Bald Knobbers now confined in jail for the murder of Chas. Green and William Edens in Christian county two weeks ago. The prosecution is certain of convicting all the parties and that all of them will either hang or serve long terms in the penitentiary.

—Ex-Governor Thomas S. Reynolds, of Missouri, threw himself down an elevator shaft in the St. Louis custom-house, crushing his head and causing instant death. He was haunted by the dread of insanity, and died to escape its horrors.

—Another attempt on the czar's life is reported; this time within the Gatchina Palace. The Nihilists have murdered a wealthy man because he refused them financial aid, and promise others the same fate. The mobbing of American missionaries in Smyrna is reported.

—There are 4700 postal clerks in the service, about 2,200 of which are democratic appointees. They are paid from \$800 to \$1,300. These clerks last year handled the enormous number of 5,329,521,475 pieces of ordinary mail matter. The whole number of miles of service performed was 100,723,910—or more than 4,000 times the circumference of the globe.

—Rev. Joseph Rowell, in a paper on "Hereditry," read before the Congregational Club of San Francisco, took the ground that society should, as a means of protection, reduce the increasing proportions of crime and of the criminal classes by depriving criminals and also their progeny, when hereditary criminal instincts begin to develop themselves, of the power of propagation.

RELIGIOUS.

—A union revival held by the Methodists and Baptists at Hopkinsville has resulted in 50 conversions.

Rev. H. C. Morrison's meeting at Paris is creating great interest and no house in the city is large enough to hold the crowds, but the *Kentuckian* reports only two additions to date.

—A Presbyterian church will be dedicated in Cynthiana next Sunday. Rev. Dr. Glass, of Richmond, will preach in the morning, and Rev. Dr. Kinnaird, of Midway in the evening.

—Mrs. Vonholz and daughter, Ida, the women evangelists, are creating a sensation in Cincinnati. Hundreds have professed religion and 35 claim to have received the blessing of perfect love.

—Meeting for the children of the town next Sunday at 3 in the afternoon at the Baptist church. "Calk" sermon by Rev. Percy G. Elsom and address by Rev. A. S. McFlett. Missionary services at 11 A. M. All cordially invited.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

—A No. 1 milk cow and young calf for sale. B. K. Wearen.

—The sale of R. R. Genry's personality occurs to-morrow, 21.

—A. M. Feland sold to Crit Eshanks & Bro., a bull calf for \$40.

—M. C. Portman bought of A. Camenisch 8 fat cattle at from 3 to 3½ cents.

—For SALE—A splendid milk cow and a young calf. Terms reasonable. R. E. Barrow, Stanford.

—In Louisville cattle are active and firm at 2 to 4½; hogs are steady at 4 to 5½; sheep quiet at 3½ to 4½.

—Five pork-houses belonging to Pfaffinger, Beck, Hoch & Huttel, burned in Louisville. Loss \$18,000; partially insured.

—The total winter packing in the West is 6,439,008 hogs against 6,293,905 last year. The average weight of hogs 7.67 pounds lighter than a year ago. The aggregate production is equal to 50,597 less hogs than last year at the same average weight. The yield of lard is 1.63 pounds per hog lighter.

—R. E. Pace has recently bought about 700 lambs, paying 5 cents for those delivered from June 1st to June 20th, and 4½ cents for July delivery. Byrd Kidd and Andy Tribble have bought about 250 hogs to be delivered from the 1st to the 15th of April, at 4½ to 5 cents a pound. —[Winchester Democrat.

—WINCHESTER COURT.—About 500 cattle on the market; no choice cattle. Plain steers weighing 800 or 900 pounds brought from 2½ to 4 cents; scrub cattle from 2½ to 3½ cents. There were about 150 mules and a good many sold at prices ranging from \$100 to \$150.

—Farmers who have gentlemen's driving horses should fit them for market as soon as possible. The demand for this class will probably be much better for the next two months than during the remainder of the year. Dealers like to have them in good flesh and well broken. A little extra care and feed just now will prove a good investment. —[C. J.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—The peaches seem to be nearly all destroyed by cold weather this week.

—Gorton's New Orleans Minstrels are booked for the Opera House April 7th.

—For the eleventh time there is a little stranger at the residence of County Assessor George D. Batterson.

—William Silliman has brought into Danville within the last ten days for shipment to New York City 5,000 dozen eggs.

—The meeting of the Baptist church, conducted by Rev. J. D. Hale, will be continued next week; 11 addition; thus far.

—The literary societies of Mt. Nenia and Willow Grove school houses hold a joint debate Friday night, the subject for discussion being, "Should foreign emigration be prohibited?"

—A number of young men and boys have been summoned to appear before the police court this (Thursday) evening to answer a charge of shooting guns and pistols within the town limits.

—Aunt Tamar Craig, a well known and highly respected old colored woman, is hopelessly ill with cancer. Mr. Edward McCarty is confined to his bed from injuries received by being thrown from a young horse several weeks ago.

—Dr. Harry Phillips has returned from a business trip to Indiana and Illinois.

Messrs. H. C. Lynch and D. K. Sawyer, of Knoxville, Tennessee, are in town looking about for fine trotting horses. John Potts, telegraph operator at the depot, will shortly be transferred to Somerset, at an increased salary.

HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—March is vindicating its old reputation. Having "come in like a lamb," it does not seem disposed to go out at all.

—Farmers are not particularly jubilant over the late opening of spring and seem disposed to vote agriculture a delusion. In fact since the unfolding of the buried treasures of Birmingham, the astonishing capabilities of Chattanooga and the gaseous possibilities of Harrodsburg, Junction City and the Hanging Fork, it is a settled question that our plodding ancestors "walked in darkness all the days of their pilgrimage." Unfortunately there are still a few who obstinately adhere to old notions and there is still a suspicion that the production of the vulgar appliances of food and raiment will still be adhered to, at least to a limited extent. In fact the desire to get rich by means of speculation is demoralizing the whole of this great nation. Our grandest possession is a fruitful soil and a passably genial climate; and our natural and appointed mission is to cherish the one and utilize the other. There is more sound philosophy in the old maxim, "Make hay while the sun shines," than in whole volumes of modern science. The present rage for boring and tunneling, and the buried mysteries of this ancient earth, changing its formation, consuming its elements and destroying its equilibrium, will yet have its history, provided there is any body left to write that history. There is an old sentence recorded against the race, a matter of some six thousand years ago, "Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return," which has been verified in every hour of our history. Practically and literally the same dictum is stamped upon speculative fortunes. Multitudes of comfortable estates won by patient toil and prudent painstaking are continually converted into cash, embarked in adventure, and lost in the bursting of the glittering bubble. But breakfast is ready!

IN MEMORIAM.

—At the last meeting of the McClintock Gleaners the following was spread on the minutes:

With the deepest sorrow we record the fact that since our last meeting the names of Lettie McKinney and Belle Bourne, members of this mission, have been stricken from our roll by the Angel of Death. Yet that sorrow is greatly alleviated by the consciousness that their names have only been erased here to be recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life; that the Master, in whose service they had begun so early to labor, has called them to His presence in the morn of their existence, and spared them the trials, temptations and vicissitudes of a lifetime. All know that our loss is their gain, yet it is hard to give them up. Especially is the affliction severe since the two buds that gave promise of making the fairest flowers have been plucked so near together. While still suffering from the agony caused by the shock of the first summons, we are called upon to mourn for the second. These two little girls, so similar in disposition, so earnest, so gentle, so true, set an example which we all should follow. In that case the separation will only be short, for we will be permitted to greet them on the last great day, when they arise more lovely and pure than the violets that bloom above their graves.

The observations of the wife of one of the present Secretaries show that the life of a Cabinet officer is not altogether pleasant. "I hardly ever see my husband to talk with him," said the Cabinet lady, "save at breakfast and a few minutes before and after dinner, when he reads his newspaper and before he goes to his room, where a table full of official papers awaits him. He sleeps alone, so as to get all the rest possible, with a lamp by his bedside and when he is awake he turns up the light and reads until he becomes drowsy. Some nights he spends with the President until very late."

A man has just been cremated in Buffalo who will find it difficult to prove his exact affinity in the next world. He was born a Jew and married in that faith in St. Louis; then he went to Utah and became a Mormon and married two wives. His first wife got a divorce and pretty soon he got one from the other two and joined the Protestant Church in Omaha. This didn't suit him, and he became a spiritualist and after this he became an agnostic and died.

"Prisoner," said a Nevada judge, "what have you to say to this indictment; are you guilty or not guilty?" "Before I answer the question judge, I'd like to ask your honor if this little spectacled dude is all the lawyer I've got?" "That is Mr. Ferguson, sir," responded the judge, sternly; "I have appointed him to defend you, as you seem to have no counsel." "Judge," said the prisoner, sighing heavily, "I'm guilty."

A Pennsylvania farmer who blew out the gas in a Chester hotel noticed just as the flame was extinguished a little green tag attached to the burner. He got into bed, but his curiosity to know what was on that tag led him to get up again, light the gas and look. He saw printed on the tag, "Do not blow out the gas, or it will cause immediate death."

Counsel Tanner, of Chemnitz, reports that the beer production of Germany in 1885 was 1,100,000,000 gallons, enough "to make a lake more than a mile square and six and a half feet deep, or it would make a running stream as large as some of our rivers."

WALL PAPER, WALL PAPER, WALL PAPER, --AT-- M'ROBERTS & STAGG'S

T. R. WALTON,

GROCCER,

MAIN AND SOMERSET STS.

N. Y. SEED POTATOES,
ONION SETS,
GARDEN SEEDS!

My Potatoes are all New York stock and consist of Early Rose, Peerless, Burbank and Beauty of Hebron.

I have a Garden Seed, both in bulk and in papers, embracing all the best varieties.

All goods sold at reasonable prices.

Mark Hardin, late of Monticello, Clerk.

JOE F. WATERS. JOHN P. DAVIS. WATERS & DAVIS,

—Dealer In—

Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Glassware, Etc.

MAIN STREET, STANFORD, KY.

A Big Stock of Brand New Goods and "quick sales and small profits" is our motto. The patronage of prompt paying customers, only, is very respectfully solicited. The attention of the ladies especially is called to our large line of beautiful Glassware.

OLIVER PLOWS!



W. H. HIGGINS

Is still selling the old reliable OLIVER, and also has an improvement, that is destined to make it much more popular than it has ever been. Don't buy a pump until you see the BUCKET ELEVATOR, and for cutting boxes buy the SECTION CUTTER. JEWEL and ECONOMIST RANGES, NEW ARIZONA COOK STOVES, &c.

Also a general line of Hardware, Groceries, Salt, Lime, Cement Fine tiling, &c.

W. R. MCKINNEY, AUGUST WEIDINGER } Salesmen.

Penny & M'Alister PHARMACISTS.

Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles.

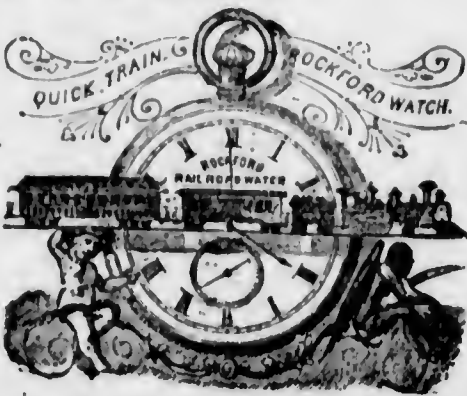
Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded.

—Also—

JEWELERS.

The Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware

Ever bought in this market. Prices lower than the lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted.



Semi-Weekly Interior Journal
SIX PAGES.

WASHINGTON CITY IN 1862.

Overrun by the Half-Breed of all Creation—What a War Correspondent Saw.

Washington at the time I went there in July, 1862, was a cesspool into which drained all the iniquity and filth of the nation. It was filled with runaway negroes, contractors, adventurers, office seekers, gamblers, confidence men, courtiers, uniformed officers shirking their duty, and the riff-raff, the offscourings of all creation. The streets were dirty, the hotel but little better than kennels, the boarding houses mean and extortionate, and although there was a pretense that intoxicating liquors were not sold, drink could be had anywhere and universal drunkenness prevailed.

In addition to these characteristics the city was an immense hospital. Every church was occupied by the sick and wounded; the alleys, galleries and ante-rooms were thronged with patients. Every vacant lot was occupied with long, low, temporary structures devoted to the victims of the war. Nearly every house of more than ordinary magnitude had a sentry in front of it, while the pale faces at the windows indicated the use to which it was being put by the authorities. All the hospitals about the city were covered with whitewashed buildings, which were crisscrossed with sick and wounded Federal soldiers.

I had a little hospital experience which I at least curious if not very interesting. I encountered one day an old aspirant, Dr. Robert Thomas, whom I had known in the west, and who informed me that he was in charge of a Kalamazoo hospital, and invited me to visit him. I agreed, and we were soon whirling out into the suburbs in an ambulance and behind a speedy pair of horses which the government had placed at the disposition of the surgeon. Kalamazoo, Michigan, as the name indicates, is a beautiful location, more so being at that time in the vicinity of the capital. On the grounds was a magnificent building which had once belonged to the famous Joel Barlow, but which had been taken by the government for a hospital. We drove through magnificent surroundings and finally found ourselves seated in a commodiously furnished drawing room which the doctor reserved for the reception of visitors. He produced some bottles of wine, which, being excellent in quality, the weather hot, and we very thirsty after the drive, were swallowed with satisfaction and without limit.

An hour or so later the hospital surgeon invited me to look through the wards. He had, he assured me, the most institution of the kind in the north. We went through splendid rooms, clean and polished enough for the residences of princes. In each room were two beds, occupied by the soldiers, all of whom seemed so comfortable that I thought that being ill under such circumstances was a luxury which would tempt a Sybarite. The last room we visited was one occupied by "contrabands," concerning whom the doctor remarked with a peculiar smile: "These are cases of variola nigra."

The play on the word nigra first attracted my attention, and I responded with the stereotyped "Yes, very good," and then instantly there dashed over me the meaning of the other word, variola.

"Good heavens! doctor, do you mean smallpox?"
"That's the English of it."
"And you are in charge of it?"
"Smallpox hospital! Yes, that's it. This is the largest establishment of the kind in the north, and the best, too, if I do say it." I was shocked, alarmed, frightened, horrified and intensely outraged at the trick which had been perpetrated on me. I attempted the indignity, I mathematized the doctor in the most vigorous English I could command, and finally became silent for want of breath. At length I determined to make the most of the situation, and, supposing that I would be certain to have the disease, I sent for my traps and resolved to remain in the hospital till I had the malady, so that I might receive proper treatment.

I stayed at Kalamazoo for two months waiting for an attack of smallpox. I went freely through the wards, talked with the patients, and made no effort to avoid the contagion, as I felt certain that I would be attacked. At the end of two months I had experienced no symptoms of the disease, and becoming satisfied that I was, for the nonce, smallpox proof, I moved back into the city.

"Polio" in Chicago Times.

Thirty Quails in Thirty Days.
I see another man has made a failure to eat thirty quails in thirty days. It has been done by several people, but I can assure you it is a very great feat, and the man who accomplishes it has a stomach of which he may be proud. I have often wondered why a man cannot eat thirty quails in thirty days, and have never had the reason satisfactorily explained. On one occasion my curiosity got the better of me, and in the interest of science I quietly started out to see if a strictly temperate and healthy man could not eat quail right along without feeling any bad effects. Well, I disposed of twenty. I began to weaken before I reached that number, but I persisted until it became too great a punishment, and then I quit. I presume I could have eaten thirty, but consulting my health and comfort I concluded that my curiosity had been sufficiently gratified and quit. It was a long time after that before I could endure the sight of quail on the table, and even now half a dozen a year are enough for me, and they have to be fixed up in a very tempting manner if I touch them. —Counsellman Temple in Globe-Democrat.

Telegraph Operators Rapid Writers.

During the great Boston fire an operator in New York received 248 messages between 7 o'clock and noon, and sent 216 during the afternoon of the same day. The messages, including the addresses, signatures, date lines and "checks," averaged thirty words. Thus during the five hours he was wielding the pen he copied over 7,500 words, or 1,500 words an hour. There are a dozen operators in Philadelphia who could beat even that if they were called upon to do it. These men would probably not break the sender once in an hour if the latter was a good operator, and, when through, it is doubtful if they would remember a word they had penned. The operator is simply a machine. The sound of the instrument enters his ear and runs out his arm to the nib of his pen to the paper. The writing becomes almost involuntary. —Exchange.

Chewing Coca Leaves.

The natives of Peru chew the leaf of the coca bush from which the cocaine is extracted, and it produces in a modified degree the same results as the sulphate of cocaine when taken internally, reports of whose ravages appear in the papers from time to time. The miners of that country will not work more than twice a day for half an hour they are allowed to chew their rations of leaves, and then they are ready to endure any hardship and work day and night. They are absolutely enslaved by it, as it is said that no one beginning to use it is bound to be. —Detroit Free Press.

CONTRADICTION.

I said to you No; and No—no—no! You turned so white as you heard! When else, in the world, would have loved me so, And—taken me at my word?

But to you, Yes—yes—yes—yes; Ah, now, that you cannot hear! And now, that your eyes are turned away, I besoon to bring you near.

Ah! so it goes in this world of ours, There is always too much at stake, We cannot guess at the things, for dowers, Nor at joy, for the hearts that break! —Mary Anne De Vere.

NEVER TO BE INTERVIEWED.

A Newspaper Correspondent Ordered to Interview President Arthur.

"Interview the president as to the probability of an extra session, and reasons therefor." Such was the arbitrary command telegraphed from the managing editor of one of the leading newspapers of the country. The correspondent who received the senseless command simply answered: "President refuses to be interviewed on any subject."

And the managing editor, thinking that he knew more about it than his correspondent, wanted to know if the latter had attempted to get a hearing, and entered into a controversy of some length about it.

When the celebrated Natt Dukes murder trial was terminated at Hittsburg a few years ago, Natt was acquitted, a prominent Pennsylvania newspaper management, believing that the city of Washington was absorbed with the trial, telegraphed its representatives there: "Interview President Arthur, his cabinet and the principal diplomats of Washington about termination of Natt trial."

The correspondent was stumped for a few seconds. He hardly knew whether to accept the contents of the dispatches as the work of a punster about the office, or one of the arbitrary and senseless freaks of an editor. He fled in terror, and the demand was given insofar as concerned. The absurdity of the demand was apparent at a glance. Neither the president nor members of the cabinet would express an opinion on the verdict of the jury, even though they had kept track of the trial sufficiently close to do so intelligently and justly. The diplomats knew nothing about the matter, and, if they did, would scrupulously refrain from making any comments, because the jurists in the countries outside of this settle questions and the public swallow the result unannouncingly.

Presidents of the United States never suffer themselves to be interviewed for publication on any subject. The memory of the present generation of correspondents does not run back to the time when a president has authorized a person to quote him in the prints, or even talk for general information for the press. Occasionally a cabinet officer is interviewed, but almost invariably it is upon personal matters, as it is considered undiplomatic to be interviewed on impersonal matters, or in reference to subjects for official action. Frequently there are interviews published and credited to the president, but they are bogus. The only way in which the president can be interviewed on a subject is through the third person—Washington Cor. Indianapolis Journal.

Story of Washington Society.

There is a secret in Washington involving the name of a senator's wife of whom the following is told, as having occurred recently: The senator's wife in her round of visits called on a lady whose marriage within a year was one of the eventfullest in official society, on account of the high official position of her husband. The senator's wife, as the story goes, called on the lady's "day," and was received with much cordial politeness, as were all callers. In a little while after the first salutation, the senator's wife said, "Is it true, Mrs. Blank, that you were a clerk in one of the departments before your first marriage; and did your mother keep a boarding house?"

The hostess, proved equal to the unexpected assault, as she replied herself a woman of good breeding—which cannot be said of her visitor.

"Yes," she replied, with perfect dignity and good temper, "it is true that I was a clerk in one of the departments before my first marriage. But my mother did not keep a boarding house. If she had I should have had a home and there would have been no necessity for me to be a clerk, you know."

The name of the senator's wife is the secret society people are just now trying to find out. The name of the woman who made the womanly answer is known and she is commended on all hands for courage and good sense. She is likely to be looked for herself rather than for the social position given by her husband's prominence. —Washington Cor. New York Tribune.

Spanish Private Postal Service.

The bankers and merchants of Barcelona and Madrid propose to start a private postal service, paying the government the postage on the letters carried. The reason given for this curious proposal is that robbers in the Spanish postoffices are so frequent that it is unsafe to transmit money through the post.

In short, it is stated that the Spanish post-office is a veritable state of anarchy, and it is raising the question of this state of things should have been figured by successive ministries, all apparently solutions to promote the industrial needs of the country. The civil departments of the Spanish administration, like the military departments, are overburdened with employees receiving very small salaries, and who are therefore not beyond the reach of temptation. —Boston Transcript.

Mixing the Speeches.

In the Grant Greeley campaign of 1872 a grave complaint was made that Democratic speeches were mailed under Republican frank. A formal investigation took place, and the senate committee on contingent expenses, after grave and solemn investigation, found that a number of thousands of speeches of various senators were sent to a lady to be folded and put in envelopes. She innocently did her work; promiscuously piled them all into one heap, and then carefully counted out the number for each. An attack of cholera is a feeble comparison, and it made as much fuss as swapping a couple of thousand halves. —Ben; Porley Poore.

Poisonous Machine Oil.

Take care how you let any machine oil or lubricator come in contact with a cut or scratch on your hand or arm, as serious blood poisoning may result. In the manufacture of some of these machine oils fat from diseased and decomposed animals is used. All physicians know how poisonous such matter is. The only safeguard is not to let any spot where the skin is broken be touched by any machine oil or lubricator. —Power.

In Germany women go from house to house dusting furniture and tending to drawing-room flowers and plants. It is a regular business.

Mrs. Horace Helyar continues to be the beauty of the diplomatic corps at Washington. She weighs 150 pounds, too.

The more often carpets are shaken the longer they wear; the dirt that collects under them grinds out the thread.

WOMAN AND HOME.

TAXING THE FAULTS AND INDULGENCES OF THE FAMILY.

Baby's Health—Thoughts on Women. Good Men—Nervous Prostration—Punishing Children—For Teachers—Feminine Views—Notes and Paragraphs.

The saving of a few pennies here and there in the household expenses will in time give results such as no housekeeper who has not tried the plan would believe. An excellent little mother of a large family uptown keeps a little bank on the sitting room mantel into which is dropped a penny each time a slang word is used, a dish broken, a hat or coat flung carelessly on a chair, or any other rule of the house disobeyed. In this way a neat little sum of perhaps a dollar is collected each month, and she always uses it for something to benefit her most loved little apartment. Last month it was a low crimson globe for the parlor lamp, and the month before materials for a handsome sofa cushion, made by the oldest daughter.

A younger housekeeper has found a way that is not altogether new, that gives her many pretty articles each year. Every evening her better half must confess how much he has spent on cigars or tobacco, and deposit a similar amount in a pretty little box. If she indulges in candy she hands back from the box the amount she has spent on the candy. For the last four months of the married life she has only made about 15 cents a day; may she collect from 40 to 50 cents regularly, and as she only needs a pound of 6-cent candy a week her gains are considerable. Last month they were over \$11. Even ten cents each day would in a year amount to the next sum of \$365, and it seems only fair that the wife should be allowed the same amount for personal luxuries, especially when she does not use it in health destroying tobacco.

There are any number of ways, in which taxes, very light of course, may be levied on the members of the household for the advantage of all. Every time the head of the house is late for supper tax one penny, every time the mistress forgets to sew on buttons, when the want has been brought to her knowledge, she must also forfeit a penny. Finding fault with the coffee, being cross to the children, changing servant girls or washwomen oftener than once a month, bringing company home to dinner without the knowledge and permission of the mistress, sleeping until after church time on Sundays, forgetting errands and all such light but trying sins should be paid for and the money used for the advantage of the family. Two or three good magazines, pictures, books and even a piano might be purchased with such a fund. —New York Journal.

Hints for Baby's Health.

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" is a proverb which should be remembered in these days of croup, measles and diphtheria. "One of the first safeguards against disease is pure air and exercise. Nothing increases the activity of the lungs like bodily exercise, and in order that it may be beneficial to the whole system it should be carried on in the open air. Some of them are too young to leave the nursery, and it is here that their little lives are very often imperiled by ignorant mothers and nurses. This and parasite lamps should never be used in the nursery. In almost every room where gas is burned a plant will drop and die. Children are like plants; they require above all things pure air, light and sunshine—not gaslight, but daylight, sunlight, and as much of it as possible. The nursery in my house is the largest and sunniest room under the roof. In it there are no heavy hangings to hold the dust and obscure the light, nor are there any gaspipes. Gas is injurious in many ways. Its light is too strong for a baby's eyes; it absorbs all the pure air in the room before the child can get a chance to breathe its little lungs are clogged; it is not good for the skin; it is always the danger of leakage. These dangers may be so small as to be imperceptible, but quite large enough to be pernicious to health.

Purity of water, however, is almost as essential as purity of atmosphere. This can be had by boiling all the water necessary for the nursery before it is used. Such treatment removes all impurities and destroys their effect. Another good thing to remember is the necessity that exists for fat in some form as an element of children's diet. I have seen fathers and mothers, to whom the rearing of the child was a mystery, deny their children the most fluent butter to make their bread palatable. This is wrong. Butter should never be spared. Any parent who denies their child this commodity deserves to pay the doctor, and to pay him well, too. Children are given enough butter and other fat-saturated food to satisfy the most voracious tastes, and to say nothing of marasmus, rickets, mesenteric, hydrocephalus and consumption. Besides the cause of prevention matter, parents would do well to bear in mind that other old saw, which advises us not to be penny-wise and pound foolish. —New York Mail and Express.

A Woman's Thoughts on Women.

I have been sitting by the fire knitting and thinking, trying to plan out something for the future, until in sheer weariness I stop and come to the conclusion that too much thinking is not good for a woman. They say she jumps at conclusions and gains the same result that man arrives at by laborious effort. I feel sure I was nearer right on the subject an hour ago than I am now, after trying to see all sides of it, and losing my courage over its dangers. I can't think of Mary Lyon, the founder of Mount Holyoke Female seminary, the first rule of action which she taught her pupils. "Walk straight in the path of duty, satisfied to see one step at a time, and trust that light will come for the next step;" and she assured them from her own experience that light always came. Mary Lyon's nature was a strong, rugged one, of the true New England type, and her brave spirit did not shrink if the light disclosed sharp rocks for her feet instead of tender grass; but she reached her goal of great usefulness to other women, and gave them a better strength than has been, and will be, handed down to many generations. Her rule presupposes a strong faith in overruling spiritual agencies, and also firm adherence to duty, whether pleasant or painful. Will it apply to the present generation and help us, for instance, in rearing a large family of children upon a limited income? Will it decide the question of what our young men and maidens shall do when they come to the fork in the road where they must choose for themselves? Will it decide for us, when our work for them seems done for the present? They are gone from us, and yet we are not quite ready to curl up in the chimney corner and rest —Lucy Holbrook in Herald of Health.

Overtaxing the Nervous System.

The terrors of nervous prostration—that calamity which seems a fate, but is really only a new name for an old one—haunt men almost equally with women. If men hold out longer against its approaches, which is doubtful, they succumb almost hopelessly, and need longer for a cure. I know young men of fine physique, who, having for a year or two undertaken to combine too many anxieties—for instance, a broad earning occupation and the study of a profession—have taken to their bed in utter helplessness and frequent tears, and remained there for years. "More pangs and fears than wars or women have" were their penalty for an over taxation of the nervous system. The fact that, as the life insurance companies tell us, women on the whole outlive men, seems to indicate that their nerves, if more sensitive than those of men, are more elastic, and offer a better resistance to the wear and tear of events; for we must remember that it is not the great things of life which prove exhausting, but the small ones, because these call out less in the way of resources to meet them, just as people take cold more readily after a warm bath than after a cold one, for want of a reaction. "You cannot seriously maintain," said a clever woman once to me, "that any cares of political or business life can be so wearing, on the whole, as the task of cooking a dinner." Then she proceeded to explain how the cook, before every dinner, had to deal with a dozen things of food as two of which had to be prepared in the same manner, or manipulated with the same touch, or exposed to the same degree and kind of heat, or cooked for the same length of time; that the cook had constantly to be going from one to the other, and keeping all in mind; and that, to bring them all out in readiness at the appointed time, neither underdone or overdone, neither stick-baked nor burned, neither too cold nor too hot—that this was an achievement worthy of demigods and heroes. And I was quite inclined, at length, to be convinced, certainly it was much easier for me to own myself convinced than it would have been to cook the dinner. —T. W. Higginson in Harper's Bazar.

Women in Music.

Much has been written lately regarding the reason why there are no great female composers. There can be no doubt that in other arts besides music, women have achieved little that can lay claim to immortal fame. Perhaps the principal reason of this is that their affections are too exclusively personal. A girl will assiduously practice on the piano as long as that will assist her in fascinating her suitors. But how many women outside the ranks of teachers continue their practice after marriage from the impractical love of music itself? Needless to say they have no time; for every hour devoted to emotional refreshment strengthens the nerves for two hours of extra labor.

So doubtless there is something in the ancient adage with which a professor lugs his pet theory regarding the Greek native, or the origin of honey in flowers, and in the ferocity with which he will defend it against his friends, if they happen to oppose it. But such complete devotion to abstract theories is absolutely necessary to the discovery of original ideas; and, as women are rarely able or willing to emerge from the haunts of personal emotion, this explains why they have achieved greatness in hardly any art but novel writing, which is chiefly concerned with personal emotions. Among great performers, on the other hand, there are as many talented women as men. If not more. But it is a curious fact that even the best lady pianists seldom learn to improvise in an interesting manner. A malicious bachelor has suggested that if, in teaching harmony, the chords were made personal by calling them "Charlie" and "William" instead of "tonic" and "dominant," women would soon learn to improvise charmingly. —American Musician.

Punishing Children Sensibly.

If parents were as sure of their children as the farmer is of his cabbages, there ought to be no doubt on this point. Because the experience of the parent ought to indicate at once the proper treatment for the mental disorder, assuming that all wickedness is a mental disorder. But, as a matter of fact, how often do we punish on scientific principles.

It is found to make Arthur an angel for several hours or days, the chances are that when Lily comes upon the scene the efficacy of whipping will be so well established in the parent's mind that she will get a certain amount of whipping to no good, and that the failure of the punishment will be ascribed to stubbornness, which calls only for a double dose.

Perhaps the following plan, which I adopted experimentally some time ago, may commend itself to some parents, even though I have no wonderful results to offer. In an old account book I have a few pages devoted to my children; in the part devoted to each child I note the offense under the proper date, the punishment adopted, or punishments if the first has not proved sufficient, and the results. For instance, on such a day I find that Lily, aged 4, got at the shoe blacking bottle, soiled her own hands and the lady's frock. Punished. No note at lunch. Tears, but no expression of remorse. Twelve days after, according to the ledger, Lily tried the polish bottle again, this time she was compelled to wash her own hands until the last vestige of blacking had disappeared. It took her half an hour and there is no record of a repetition of the offense. —Philip D. Hubert in Babyhood.

Self-Respect and Courtesy.

The potency of a gracious manner was shown lately in a few years ago by an incident which occurred in one of our large cities. A young girl who had been a seamstress married the son of a wealthy and influential family. Her husband brought her home while his mother-in-law, with a large number of guests, were at their country seat. It was resolved before the bride arrived that she "should be taught to know her place;" that she must be taught to realize that, although in the house she was of it.

The house was filled with experienced women of society, skilled in every method of administering nubs, from the stinging sarcasm to the smile of key civility. The little woman who was their intended victim had neither birth, fortune, experience, nor even education to defend her. But she had a simple, self-respecting manner, softened by the most exquisite courtesy.

"It was an insult of proof," said a spectator. "If they insulted or snubbed her, she was apparently the conqueror of it, and turned to them with the same gracious, cordial kindness. She conquered. The dullest woman among her enemies at last understood that the poor little girl was better bred than herself."

Stocking Frames.

I have used for many years a little device which has prevented shrinking in my children's stockings, and may be of use to other mothers. Draw the shape of your child's stocking on a piece of paper; then have this shape cut from a half inch board, planed and nicely rounded and smoothed off at the edges. Bore a hole in the top and put in a loop of string. Stretch the children's washed stockings, while wet, over this form, and hang by the loop in some warm place to dry. Several stockings can be dried on one form, over each other, but of course the drying is slower. I have two forms made like this, and use them for drying children's woolen undershirts. I have known those already shrunk brought back nearly to their original size in this way. These models should be merely the shape of the body, since forcing them into the sleeves would be apt to tear the shirt. If we wish to stretch the sleeves we

could have separate models for them. —Babyhood.

Don't Overwork the Boys.

Farmers are sometimes very inconsiderate in the treatment of their sons. Without meaning any harm they impose labor upon boys which should be the work of men. Now the physical energies of a growing boy have already an important work allotted to them, that of building up a strong, healthy organization. The vital force cannot be exerted in making muscles and bone, and at the same time be expended in a hard day's work in the field. We have seen many instances of boys being stunted and dwarfed because they were overworked by an unconscious father. When work is crowding in the fields there is a strong temptation to utilize every muscle, to provide means for the growing hogs at the expense of his own growing boy. This is all wrong. A farmer would not for an instant think of harnessing his 6-months old colt and hitching him to a plow, and why should not the growing boy have the same thoughtful consideration? Don't overwork the boys. They are all the material we have to make men of. —Atlanta Constitution.

Rules for Success.

My advice to women is possibly worthless and without merit. But this is it: If there is anything you want to do, do it, or do the next best thing.

Do not expect that when misfortune comes to you that the whole world is going to drop its shoulders and come and ask you "what you would like." If you think the world owes you a living, go ahead and make it. It's there.

If you are a workingwoman of greater or less degree, don't wear the fact on a placard like a leper. The world does not like it. If you have a shadow of a roof tree to fly to, fly there and stay beneath it.

And above all, bring up your girls, if God is good enough to give you such, to think the same. —Fannie B. Merrill in New York Graphic.

How to Know Good Meat.

Dr. Lettich lays down the following simple rules for the guidance of those in search of good meat: It is neither of a pale pink nor of a deep purple tint.

It has a marked appearance from the ramification of little veins of fat among the muscles.

It should be firm and elastic to the touch. Bad meat is wet, golden and flabby, with the fat looking like jelly or wet parchment.

It should have little or no odor, and the odor should not be disagreeable. Discarded meat has a sickly, callous smell, and sometimes a smell of phosgene. This is discoverable if the meat is chopped and drenched with warm water.

It should not shrink or waste much in cooking. —Herald of Health.

The Feminine Point of View.

"I notice," said a lady friend the other day, "that some fool man has invented a collapsing hat for ladies to wear to public entertainments. He might have saved himself his pains. Women wear high hats simply because they are the fashion. Beauty or ugliness, comfort or convenience has nothing to do with the question. The collapsing hat is not fashionable, and that settles it. I don't know where our fashions come from or who sets them, but I know we don't. American women have nothing to do but blindly follow, and I tell you now, in all seriousness, that all the talk in newspapers and the indignation of the public has not done a particle of good. The high hats will go when the fashion changes and not a day before." —Philadelphia Call.

Lack of Privacy in Our Homes.

A correspondent writes to The Boston Transcript calling attention to the fact that in this country window shades are frequently left up after the lamps are lit. "How very odd!" he says, "this would seem to an Englishman! The moment a lamp is lighted in an Englishman's house, in town or country, down goes the curtain. An American has seemingly none of that nice sense of privacy that the Englishman owns. He can sit in the bosom of his family, eat, drink, be merry, dandle his child upon his knee, poke his fire, read his paper, all unincumbered to the outside world."

A Housekeeping Education.

A Bangon English journal recently, in discussing the education of European girls in the far east, made a strong plea for the teaching of cooking and housekeeping in the schools. It declared that the general disinclination to marry among young men in the civil service who are living on a fixed salary was attributable largely to the fact that the young women were unable to do any housework, or even to direct properly the servants of a household. —Harper's Bazar.

The Effect Our Clothes Have.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, in a practical talk to young women at Boston, gave a new turn to the definition of the word "becoming." Instead of garments becoming the person, she said, "we become like our clothes; if we put on a hat that is a little exaggerated in style, we give our heads a toss to correspond with it, the Quakers have calm, placid faces harmonizing with their clothing."

Indication Ground Glass.

A very good indication of ground glass is produced by dissolving three tablespoonfuls of Epsom salts in a pint of warm water, and applying it to the glass with a common paint brush. This answers admirably when a sort of screen is wanted. The solution must be applied to the side of the glass which is not exposed to the weather. —Atlanta Constitution.

Servants and Slave.

"How many servants do you keep?" asked an old friend of Marlon Harland's husband, when they had been married about six months.

"Three—and one slave," was the prompt rejoinder. "The slave is my wife." —New York Graphic.

For Teachers and Parents.

If in instructing a child you are vexed with it for want of adroitness try, if you have never tried before, to write with your left hand, and remember that a child is all left hand. —Chicago Living Church.

Care of Flat Irons.

Iron that has been once red hot never retain the heat so well afterwards, and will always be rough. Be careful not to put them on the stove hours before they are needed, and after using them always stand them on end.

Cleaning Saucepans.

All the labor of scraping saucepans in which oatmeal or mush has been boiled may be saved by allowing the saucepan to stand on the table for five minutes before pouring the contents into the dish.

The Best Safeguard.

The sooner parents awake to the fact that the best they can do by their sons is to cause them to learn a trade, the better for the country. —Boston Budget.

Smoke stains can be removed from mica in stoves by thoroughly soaking it in vinegar.

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SALE STABLE!

Having rented the stable on Depot street, I am prepared to train and break horses on reasonable terms. County Court day trade solicited.
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All persons are notified not to pass through our premises without special permission, as we will enforce the law against those who do.
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We cordially recommend you to stay here, as we have the best of everything, and in every case it has given satisfaction.

At the Hotel, I have a list of the best of everything, and in every case it has given satisfaction.

Sold by Druggists, 100-17.

REPROOF.

Impossible, you say; beyond your skill
To grasp the tangled threads once more, and
weave
The romance over. That no force of will
Can bring again the old power to believe.
Life has dropped down a blank, you cannot lift
Its burden up and bravely journey on.
Passive, resisting not you idly drift,
Careless of all, since one poor joy is gone.

Shame to your ambition! Rather front the blast
Broadly erect, fearless to die and dare.
Beneath the heavens you now dwell in peace,
Such is the heart a true man's breast should
bear.

To let a shipwrecked hope blast life and lay
A blight on all, perchance a coward can,
But never such as word his lips and truth in man.
Who is he thought and deed and truth in man.
—Clara Beatrice Coffey in Inter Ocean.

TELEPHONIC BURGLARY.

Mr. Bradley was standing not more than a
foot from the telephone when it began ring-
ing. Instantly applying the instrument to
his ear, and calling "Hello!" he heard some
one voice faintly back:

"Hello! Who is Mr. Bradley?"

"Yes," he replied, "who are you?"

"Is it Mr. Henry A. Bradley, of Colton
Hill?"

"Yes, sir, that is my name and residence.
Who are you?"

"You must not be surprised, Mr. Bradley,
but I am a burglar in your house on Colton
Hill."

"What on the living earth do you mean?"

"Just what I say—a burglar in your house
on Colton Hill, and talking with you here at
the telephone. You are necessarily excited
by this information, but try to compose your-
self, the speaking voice went on.

"Great heavens! Compose myself! I
inferious sound, what are you doing in
my house?"

"Precisely what I have said, Mr. Bradley.
I am a professional burglar—I really hope
you will take this quietly. It will be to your
advantage, you know; I will show you that."

"I shall take it quietly, you mean, by
starting a squad of police to the hill after
you in less than ten minutes. Say your
prayers for strong legs, for you will need
them more than you ever did before."

"You cannot do it, sir. Listen to me and I
will show you that I know all about the situa-
tion. In the first place, your house is the
only one on this hill, except Mr. Boyd's, im-
mediately across the street, and he is away in
the country for the summer. In the second
place, the nearest inhabited house is half a
mile distant, at the foot of the hill, and the
nearest telephone exchange is the one in your
neighbor Boyd's (at Winchester, five miles off).
Now, I know you might ring up the Winches-
ter telephone, but it is a long way off, and
besides, there is no squad of policemen there.
I should not wonder if the town's single
guardian were asleep somewhere in a corner.
Don't you see that I know all about the place,
and that you had better be persuaded to take
it quietly?"

"What in the deuce do you want, anyhow?"
queried Mr. Bradley, ignoring the question
with which the burglar had ended.

"For one matter, to assure you that I am
perfectly well posted in all your affairs, which
will take but a few words. You are by
present occupation Mr. Bradley, treasurer of
the Nonantum woolen mills."

"That's correct enough."

"And the 30th of every month you go out
to the mills with \$10,000 in greenbacks, done
up in a bundle, like groceries, for pay day."

"Yes, we pay our employees monthly."

"You need not be at the trouble of answer-
ing; I will go right through with the facts of
the case. As I say, the 30th of every month
you go out to the mills. Well, the 30th came
yesterday; but you missed the Lowell ex-
press, which you usually take, and you had
to postpone your trip until to-day. So you
took the local train instead and you came out
to Colton Hill, bringing the money home
with you. Then in the evening, when sitting
at supper, you told your wife that you dis-
liked carrying the greenbacks so much about
and that you would leave them in the house
until this afternoon, when you would call for
them on the way to the mills. Have I been
correct?"

"Possibly; but I must tell you that the
money is not there. It will be a great disap-
pointment to you, but I brought it into the
office this morning."

"Well, well, I will try to tear it. But
listen to the rest of my tale. After supper
you appeared to hide those greenbacks in
some place upstairs, and this morning, for
some reason, when you started for Boston
with your wife, you did not have the bundle
which you brought home with you yesterday.
How am I to understand that?"

"By the use of your reasoning faculty.
There are many ways of carrying money."

"My reasoning faculty is just what troubles
me; the more I reason the more I am con-
vinced that the money is here in this house.
Of course you will never admit it without
some inducement, and I therefore have a plan
to propose for the adjustment of this whole
matter—on a basis of mutual benefit, I mean.
I will now state it. My name is Smith; by
the way."

"Very well, Mr. Smith. I cannot say that
I am glad to make your acquaintance. I
must say that our present relation seems to
me very unconventional."

"Unconventional, Mr. Bradley, yes, but not
without its advantages. Just see. I thought
a burglar in the house, by means of the
latest refinement of civilized invention, in-
stead of conversing with the very owner himself,
who knows all its nooks and corners. And
you, also, the owner, are present not on oc-
currence of great importance to yourself, in-
stead of regarding, ignorant, until all is over,
as usually happens."

"Oh, well, if you talk in that way. Pray
how and when did you enter my house, Mr.
Smith, and how am I to know that you are,
in fact, talking with me from there, and not
from some other point on the line?"

"I entered at the rear kitchen window as
soon as I saw you and Mrs. Bradley start
down the hill. You can easily make sure of
my presence here by asking me some question
about the room."

"Very well. There is a small picture over
the telephone. Can you describe it?"

"I can. It is an etching—three mice in a
trap. You are undoubtedly on the premises.
Yes, there's no question about it. You are in
my rear sitting room on Colton Hill. And
being sure of the impossibility of interrup-
tion, since the nearest telephone station is
five miles distant, you have a feeling that you
can talk matters comfortably. Do I succeed
in grasping your view of the situation?"

"Admirably, perfectly."

"You say also that you are in communica-
tion, by means of the latest refinement of
civilization, as you express it, with the owner
of this house, and that I, the owner, am
good as present at an affair of great impor-
tance to myself—though I don't see yet where
the benefit to me comes in. But you have
some plan to propose about that."

"Just so; it delights me to hear you take
the matter so sensibly. The truth is the
arrangement that I have in view will be quite
as much for your advantage as for mine; the
money that is here—"

"No, no; you are mistaken."

"Oh, of course you must protest, Mr. Brad-
ley, but I know that it is here."

"All right," cannot both—once,

I pay the rent for this telephone. It is
true, indeed, that I did not bring in a bundle
this morning, but I carried in the greenbacks
quite the same in one of my bootlegs, and
they are in the safe now, so that if the plan
you have to reveal relates to them, I feel
quite sure that it will be disappointed."

"We shall see—we shall see. Did I under-
stand you to say that you carried the green-
backs to the city in one of your bootlegs?"

"Yes, sir, in one of my bootlegs—the left
one."

"I don't want to be inquisitive, but what
sized boots do you wear?"

"Tens."

"Tens, I suppose you have three or four
pairs of tens?"

"I suppose I have."

"Now, Mr. Bradley, before entering on this
conversation with you, I repeat some time in
making a thorough search of your house, and
as I was on the lookout for hiding places, I
ran my hands into several pairs of shoes, but,
curiously enough, I did not find a single pair
of boots."

"Ah! I see the inference. But I cannot
find them myself half the time. You are a
married man, and can understand that."

"What I understand is that you avoid the
point at issue. The time passing, and here
we are, no nearer a settlement. Had you
not better acknowledge the boots, to save
time?"

"Never, sir. I tell you I brought them in
my left leg."

"Well, well, we must compromise this, and
get on faster; it is 10:30 already. Sup-
pose we say that by the necessity of the
case I am convinced the money is here in the
house, and that you by the necessities of the
case are compelled to believe that it is in the
city. But, to save valuable time, you agree
to waive the point of dispute on my assur-
ance that if you will listen further you may
see reason to modify your belief, and I agree
not to ask you any more questions about your
boots, or to draw inferences from the answers
you have already given about them. Do you
accept that?"

"I accept it, though I must say—"

"For the love of brevity, make no more ex-
ceptions; time is flitting too fast. Can you
not allow me to say what I have to say, and
you remain quiet, and then you say what you
have to say, and I remain quiet?"

"Very easily. It was you that interrupted
me, you remember. But let that pass; I am
listening with a hundred ears."

"Oh, very well, then. Here we are— But
I had better begin at the first. Your house,
as I have intimated, has been pretty thor-
oughly searched. I entered it, Mr. Bradley,
soon after you left it, and have been at work
ever since; and I was not afraid of Mrs.
Bradley's return, because the habits of
your family have been a subject of quite close
study to me for some months, and I know
that when Mrs. Bradley went in town she
always spent the day there. I know also that
the children were away in the country, and
that your wife was herself keeping house dur-
ing their absence. You perceive that I am
posted."

"Very much so."

"Yes. It is a good part of a year since I
have been watching your monthly trips to the
factory. Some slip was sure to come, for
that is human nature. At last human na-
ture repaid my trust, and I caught you nap-
ing."

"How guilty you make me feel! I suppose
that you deem yourself an instrument ap-
pointed by the angelic powers to find out
wicked cashiers?"

"Not as bad as that; I will call myself
simply a burglar, and leave the angelic pow-
ers to the modern business man. Well, and
I was saying, I searched your house pretty
thoroughly. I could find no money, and I was
about to renounce my task, when, my eye
resting on this telephone, the conception of
consulting you about the matter flashed
through my mind. It seemed a venturesome
experiment, but I rung up the central office,
got connected with you, and here we are
talking the matter over quietly. I shall soon
be through now. Will you continue listen-
ing?"

"I am all attention."

"Good. I know you were a man of quick
wits, and that probably you would refuse to
admit that the money is here so I made a few
preparatory arrangements before calling you
at the telephone. In fact, I foresaw I should
have to compel you in some way to reveal the
hiding place of that money; and this, Mr.
Bradley, is the disagreeable part of my task.
I have never burned a house down before,
but my mind is made up to burn yours down
now unless you reveal to me the right away
where that money is hidden. Yes, sir, I
have just brought up several armfuls of kind-
ling wood from the cellar, and have piled it
in the hallway and wet it with a can of kero-
sene, so that it can all be touched off in a min-
ute. Now, without multiplying words—"

"Without multiplying words, Smith, I defy
you. Light the house, if you want to. You
have got hold of the wrong man this time—
yes, indeed."

"The silliest snuff! How you jump at conclu-
sions! Can't you let me finish before you
explode? Perhaps I'm not so dreadful as you
think."

"Finish!—yes, if you ever will. Are you
nervous that you have been half an hour com-
ing to the point?"

"A half hour of interruptions."

"Well, well, henceforth I am silent. Let us
begin again with this business. You have thor-
oughly searched my house, and you have
found no money in any of the places I have
told you of, and I am ready to touch off in a minute; and here we
are, as you say, quietly talking the matter
over. What comes next?"

"What comes next is an alternative. The
burning of your house, Mr. Bradley, seems
quite needless, as well as disadvantageous to
us both. Here is the case: On the one hand,
if you refuse to give up the money, and com-
pel me to burn the house, you'll lose both the
house and the money. On the other hand, if
you sensibly tell me where the greenbacks
are hidden, you will lose the money, it is true,
but you will save the house. In either case,
the money is lost; you cannot save your em-
ployer's funds, whatever you do, and you
have simply to put that question aside. Well,
put it aside. It now only remains for you to
decide whether you will save your house or
lose it, and I offer you that alternative.
Does it appear a very difficult question to de-
cide upon?"

"Smith, you were made for a logician, not
a burglar. Your statement of the case quite
resembles a lawyer's brief, and before you go
any further I should like to ask you, if I
may, whether your occupation has always
been what it is at present, for you do not
talk like an—an—"

"An outlaw?"

"Yes, that's it—in plain language. What
is it that has brought you to the pass of piling
up kindling wood in other people's houses,
and threatening them with conflagration
after a thirty minutes' statement of alterna-
tives?"

"A sense of humor. Did the absurdity of
the world and its conventions never strike
you? I was born with an unusual dose of
that."

"But there is imprisonment for life, and
such little matters."

"That strikes me as humorous too. Think
of the conceit of locking a person up. Of
course it is a justifiable harshness, but just
think of the vastness of conceit implied in
one man's walking up to another and clapping
him into prison for all his life's days."

"Mr. Parsonage—Is it possible! And so
your wife is a devoted American minist-
er—yes, she was born a minister's wife, and
she must feel the affliction!" "On the con-
trary, she is the happiest minister's wife in
the country." "Indeed!" "Yes; she never
hears a word the congregation say about
her."—Quaker World.

Merely as vastness of conceit it is very hu-
morous. This is a ridiculous bubble of a
world."

"It is a ridiculous bubble of a world; only
I fear you underestimate the disadvantages
of laughing on the wrong side."

"It seems to be safe at present. Are you
not going to answer my alternative?"

"Yes—the alternative; I was forgetting it.
The trouble with that alternative, Smith, is
that my mind sees another. As you say, the
burning of the house seems entirely needless
and disadvantageous to us both, but I should
put it on different grounds. You assume that
the money is out there, but I assume that it
is in here. Here, then, is my case. On the
one hand, if you insist on burning the house,
you do not get the money, and you make
yourself guilty of the crime of arson; on the
other hand, if you sensibly go away with
empty pockets, you leave the house for me,
and are a guiltless man. In neither case can
you have the money, for it is in here, and
you have simply to put that question aside.
Let us suppose you have put it aside. It now
remains for you to decide whether you will
voluntarily make yourself liable for ar-
son. What could be simpler?"

"Your argument is all sophistry—hollow
sophistry."

"So bad that that?"

"Yes; and I will tell you the little fact that
will prove it. It is that I am becoming an
impatient man, and have, in fact, just taken
a bunch of matches out of my pocket."

"Then you really intend to do it?"

"The matches I tell you are in my hand."

"Don't take that fatal step quite yet; there
is a question I want to ask you. You remem-
ber my inquiring for some evidence that you
really were in my house? Now how do you
know that I am in my office?"

"I do not care whether you are or not, or not.
That seems to me a rather curious ques-
tion. Here we are, Smith, talking over this
burglary, and while I know exactly where
you are, you have not the remotest idea where
I am. Now suppose I am in Boyd's house,
across the street from you; there is a tele-
phone there."

"Yes, and suppose you are not."

"But I am here, in fact, we are talking
with each other at a distance of fifty yards,
instead of many miles, as you have sup-
posed."

"It is a likely story!"

"Oh, of course you are incredulous; I
listen and I will explain it to you. Under-
stand, in the first place, that I do not carry
large packages of money about with me with-
out keeping my eyes open. I have known
for several weeks that I was being followed
by some one, and my employees have there-
fore set a watch, so that while you were
waiting for me to trip we were waiting for
you to do the same. Yesterday afternoon
the fatal hour came; you were discovered
looking through my window and then we
knew what to expect to-day. Accordingly
we arranged during the night that I should
watch to-day in Boyd's house with two po-
licemen. It was to have been a busy day in
the city and I could ill spare myself from the
office, but I told the telephone clerk to send
me calls for me out here to Boyd's, and to
this pretension I owe our conversation, which
certainly has been a very extraordinary one.
Unfortunately I cannot offer you an alterna-
tive, Mr. Smith; I must come over with an
officer right away and carry you off to the
city. But you believe I am here now, do you
not?"

"I believe it is all a weak fabric."

"Will you look across the street?"

"At this point Smith opened the blind beside
the telephone and had been talking
and was not a little astonished to see Bradley
enjoy the opposite house and across the street
in the company of a very competent looking
policeman. In a few moments they were at
his side, and Bradley was saying, after a look
at the burglar's undisputed countenance:
"You now have an opportunity, Smith, for
even more direct communication with the
owner of this house than you have heretofore
enjoyed. Here I am, as you see, and here is
the policeman."

STORY OF LINCOLN.

TOLD BY EX-REPRESENTATIVE BRAN-
DEGEE, OF CONNECTICUT.

A Gun Maker's Claims—An Interview
With the President—Lincoln's Personal
Appearance—A Persuasive Executive
Document—Admiral Dahlgren.

I first saw Mr. Lincoln in the summer of
1853. I had been elected in the spring of that
year to the Thirty-eighth congress, and visit-
ed Washington some time in June to look up
quarters for the coming December session.
The corridors of Willard's hotel were crowded
with officers on leave, office seekers, con-
tractors and jobbers—the swarm which al-
ways gathers around the hives of the treasury.
The most conspicuous figure, and one of the
most remarkable I ever saw, was Horatio
Ames, an iron founder of Falls Village, Conn.,
a brother of Charles Ames. He claimed
to have invented a process of forging
wrought iron cannon of heavy calibre,
by subjecting the molten metal to the
impact of two immense trip hammers, which
with characteristic grim humor he had named
respectively "Thor" and "Odin." Ames
complained that though his guns had been
subjected to unfair tests by Dahlgren, who
was then chief of the ordnance bureau, and
though it had withstood all attempts to burst
it—while the Dahlgren guns had burst like
glass bottles—yet he could neither get a re-
port in his favor nor an authentic record of
the experiments. Ames soon discovered that
I was one of the newly-elected Connecticut
members, and insisted that in the absence of
his own immediate representative I was my
duty to present his claims to President Lin-
coln. I did not "haunter after the job," to
use one of the expressive phrases of Mr. Lin-
coln. But Ames was not the man to stand
upon etiquette and I finally yielded to his
importunity, on condition that an interview
should be arranged with Mr. Lincoln's ap-
proval.

Every one knows the general appearance of
Mr. Lincoln. That he was tall, swarthy,
awkward and unconventional in dress and
manner are the broad outlines of any con-
ception of him. But no one who has not
stood face to face with the man can ever
realize a lifelike idea of the great original. As
he rose—and seemed to keep on rising—before
me, his hair was thick, coarse and of an un-
common appearance, long and somewhat
curled, his cheeks high, his cheeks very hollow,
his complexion swarthy, his manner gracious
but subdued, while his eyes had an expres-
sion that I find myself incapable of describing,
as though they lay in ambush in their deep
caverns, ready to spring forth or retreat further
within, as occasion required. He was awk-
ward, but it was the awkwardness of nature,
which is akin to grace. The expression of
his face was earnest, with a shade of sadness,
and his voice was soft and at times as tender
as a woman's.

I had prepared what I thought a neat little
speech of introduction, but I never got on my
feet, and I was so embarrassed that I finally
took me by the hand and saying, "Well,
what do little Connecticut want?"

The tone, the familiar address, the friendly
manner, the gracious smile at once put me at
my ease, and I stated my reasons to a friend,
and almost an equal. Mr. Lincoln listened
with evident interest. Ames had stated that
a record existed of the various charges, the
number of rifuges and the respective results
of each, and that the results would vindicate
him; but he had been denied access to the
records. Mr. Lincoln closed the interview by re-
questing me to procure it and bring it to him
at 8 o'clock that evening. And to my sur-
prise, he took an executive envelope from a
little which lay on his table and wrote the
following: "Let Mr. —, of Connecticut,
have a copy of such record as he indicates.
A. Lincoln."

Armed with this concise but persuasive
executive message, we visited the navy de-
partment, where we waited in the anteroom
for more than two hours for the arrival of
Commodore Dahlgren, who was then in the
absence. Suspecting after a while that Dahlgren
was absent, we were rather disappointed, but
we waited until 10 o'clock, when we found him
at his desk, where he had probably been
writing a report, which he had just finished,
and which he was about to send to the presi-
dent. He was a man of a commanding pres-
ence, and his eyes were full of fire. He was
tall, and his hair was white. He was a man
of a commanding presence, and his eyes were
full of fire. He was tall, and his hair was
white. He was a man of a commanding pres-
ence, and his eyes were full of fire.

Mr. Lincoln sat at an office desk, under
which his long legs protruded to an extent
which made them conspicuous. At first he
had on a pair of carpet slippers, but as the
conversation progressed he unconsciously
withdrew his feet, disclosing what seemed to
be a pair of thick yarn stockings, through
which he had worked his feet, and this he
kept in almost perpetual motion. I was
verified the claim of Mr. Ames, and after
much discussion and searching questions Mr.
Lincoln took an executive envelope and wrote
the following: "Let Mr. —, of Connecticut,
have a copy of such record as he indicates.
A. Lincoln."

This ended my first interview. I never
saw Ames afterwards, but was told by Charles
Ames, his brother, that the guns were made,
unsundered all tests, and that his brother re-
ceived \$100,000 on the strength of that envel-
ope—Augustus Bradegeo in New York
Tribune.

London Reporterial Enterprise.

The London Times has not often of late dis-
tinguished itself by enterprise in getting
news, but there is no doubt of its power to
keep a bit of intelligence away from its rivals.
Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation, an-
nounced exclusively by "The Times," is a
late example. The young statesman drove
into Printing House square shortly after 11
o'clock at night and asked to see the editor.
He was lodged with him for nearly an hour,
at the end of which time, to Mr. Black
says in his novel, a strange thing happened.
As soon as Lord Randolph had been off the
premises an order was issued to lock every
door, back and front, and take the keys to the
editor's room. Dispatches, as they arrived
through the night, were taken in at a window
in the courtyard. Not a soul, from the editor
to the printer's devil, was permitted to leave
the premises on any pretext whatever. For
some hours mystery and consternation
brooded over the establishment. The secret
was till 2 o'clock in the morning locked in
the breasts of the editor and two leader
writers. The paragraph announcing the
resignation, and the articles commenting
thereon, were written and held back to the
last moment. But even then, the hour being
one at which other papers had gone to press,
the doors were still locked, and it was not till
the paper had gone to press that the doors
were unlocked.—New York Tribune.

Miss Dora Wheeler won the prize over 300
student students for her study of "Penelope,"
she put into tapestry by the Associated
Artists.

THE THOROUGHRED HOLSTEIN FRIESIAN BULL

MARQUIS OF ADELINE.

This one Bull will stand the seasons now com-
menced at my stable on the Lancaster Pike on
half mile from Stanford Court House at 55th
season, with the privilege of breeding, the cow
will be the cow to be sold. Money due when cow
is first served.

Marquis of Adeline's sire, Herbert, his sire im-
ported Apollo and Dam imported Southern Em-
pire.

Marquis of Adeline's dam, Adeline, her sire im-
ported Uncle Tom—dam imported Lady Fisher.
For further particulars as to pedigree see H. F. H. H.

This is a very fine young Bull from a celebra-
ted family of milkers including the cow Liche, the
greatest of her day; her owner having refused \$25,000
for her.

The Holstein-Friesian cattle have taken the
lead as the best for the family, and a cross with
the Shorthorn produces a very fine animal. I
will buy all the male calves begotten by this
Bull at good prices delivered at weighing time.

W. H. MILLER,
Stanford, Ky.

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copy of the Courier-Journal can do so at this office.

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